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PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY,

AND

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De Valcour and Bertha:

OR,

THE PREDICTION FULFILLED.

(CONCLUDED.)

CHAP. V.

THE agonized groans of the expiring Chief roused Bertha from her temporary stupor: she broke from the arms of Tyrault, and at the same moment beheld the altered form of her loved Julian: his eyes gazed on her with melancholy wildness, while she shrieked with surprise at the unexpected rencontre. But a new object of astonishment presented itself, when, approaching the bed, she beheld the distorted features of Father Ambrose. He beckoned her to his side: she advanced fearfully, supported by the anxious De Valcour. Ambrose took her trembling hand, and placed it within that of De Valcour; gazed earnestly at them: and a tear of remorse stole down his pale cheek. "The Prediction is, indeed, fulfilled," said he, gasping with mental and bodily agony. "I was thy father's murderer. Pray for me, suffering angel! for thy looks beam mercy to the despairing sinner. My crimes have been many. Let the Baroness Valeria be secured; she has been my instigator to the basest acts: a paper in my cabinet will explain all. Julian, you are my son." The horror and astonishment of this discovery was suspended by the last convulsion which seized Ambrose; and his kneeling children ventured to address a prayer for his forgiveness, to the Power who had terminated his guilty career. But all the joy which would otherwise have attended the re-union of De Valcour and Bertha, was destroyed by the dreadful recollection, that she had also been a murderer; nor could all the persuasions of Julian chase the horrid idea from her mind. Pursuant to the last direction of Ambrose, Julian secured the important paper, and read the contents to Bertha and his friend Tyrault; the rest of the party having retired at his command; some to secure the person of Valeria; others to their respective avocations. The confession of Father Ambrose ran thus:—

"Born of indigent and obscure parents, the annals of my early days would be unimportant to those for whom this packet is intended. It has been written in moments of bitter remorse; for, amidst all the scenes of dissipation, such moments will occur to the soul labouring with guilt. I was intended for the service of the church; but as much interest was requisite to obtain an advantageous situation, I was forced to submit to such menial offices in the convent where I was placed, as gave me a violent disgust to the calling. I quitted the convent; and being a lad of spirit and ingenuity, went through a variety of changes in my pursuit of wealth and pleasure. The person and reputed fortune of the Lady Valeria was a dazzling bait, and my natural vanity led me to imagine the prize within my reach; but I had to deal with one more ambitious and artful than myself, and the consequence was, that I became entangled in a fruitless amour. Aware of the danger attending a discovery, and cured of the passion which at first actuated me, I quitted the city where she resided, having previously directed her as to the disposal of the infant to which she must shortly give birth. By a few well-concerted measures, I contrived to pass for a man of some consequence, and formed acquaintance with youths of distinction, who, in pursuit of pleasure, sacrificed prudence and fame. By some of these I was introduced to the society of Independents. Their principles were readily adopted by me; but the strong suspicion, and strict regulations of government, obliging us to disperse awhile, I obtained, under plausible pretences, admission to the Convent of St. Clare. The holy habit covers many a depraved heart. I was an adept in hypocrisy, and succeeded in making my brethren believe me a man of the strictest piety. It was there, to my infinite surprise, I was sent to by the Baroness Valeria, to officiate as confessor to the family. Her infidelity gave me little pain, but the loss of my child, whom I had sent for at the commencement of my league with the Independents, had occasioned me much pain, and now revived in my mind, with a degree of tenderness (towards the mother) which I immagined I had long been incapable of feeling. I made myself known to her: she heard me with astonishment; professed undiminished regard; and laid open to my view such ambitious schemes, as soon engaged me completely in her diabolical plans. The daughter of the credulous Baron to whom Valeria was united, equally beauteous and innocent, was marked for destruction by the designing Valeria; and I engaged in her cause with views little less criminal than those which actuated the female fiend. But, to effect my purpose more completely, much dissimulation was necessary; and I became, in fact, the dupe of my own artifice. To complete the ruin of the young couple, (Bertha having formed an attachment to an orphan lad under the protection of the Baron,) I favoured a secret marriage, to which Valeria prompted me, by assurances that it was the only method of crushing the youth's aspiring hopes, as she had the entire sway of the

doting Baron, who would thereby be induced to disinherit them entirely, and make a will in her favour. This plan succeeded: De Valcour and Bertha were united, and long carried on a clandestine correspondence. The unsuspecting Julian confided every thing to me, except the circumstances of his first introduction to the Baron, which, had I known, innumerable crimes might have been avoided; as I should have thereby learnt that he was the son whose loss I had ever lamented. To hurry over a painful recital, the death of the Baron was determined, and effected by my hand. I had easy access to the castle, and found little difficulty of escaping from the convent when the pious brotherhood imagined me reposing in my cell. That suspicion might be averted from me, it was necessary to prevent too strict investigation, by attaching it to another; and as I was well acquainted with the hours when Julian was admitted to a private interview with his wife, I judged it an easy matter to work on her credulity, and terrify her from the castle. For this I had a double purpose: her beauty had inspired me with a criminal passion; and I resolved to get her into my power. My intimacy with the confederate Independents had been recently renewed; and temporary concealment with them I judged my best expedient, till the Baroness completed her promise of bestowing on me wealth and independence. The only difficulty attending my scheme, was that of breaking the strict oath of the society; but as I should thereby have the whole band in my power, I resolved, at all events, to brave the consequences, and prefer my own advantage to any consideration of honour or justice."

"Alas, Julian!" said Bertha, laying her hand on his arm, "we are now taught cruelly the consequence of disobedience. Our own rashness has undone us, and made us the dupes of an artful unrelenting enemy." "Perhaps we may be able to avert the dreaded evil," returned Julian. "We have erred without being criminal; may our present punishment be the expiation."

CHAP. VI.

DE Valcour was prevented from continuing the narrative by the return of Tyrault. He had succeeded beyond their most sanguine expectations; the Baroness had expressed the keenest remorse for her late conduct; affected to throw the whole blame on the criminal Ambrose; and waited only for the presence of Julian, and her injured daughter-in-law, to make ample restitution, explain several interesting particulars, and then throw herself penitent and unprotected on their mercy. This was a favourable moment, not to be neglected. Julian had attached the band to him by his gentle manners, and manly endurance of calamity. They agreed unanimously on dissolving his oath of association, substituting only one, by which he was bound not to betray any of their secrets; and he then obtained an honourable discharge.—Tyrault conducted them by subterraneous passes to the hut in the wood; and Bertha, with astonishment, discovered that she had been confined within a mile of the Castle di Montalpine. Tyrault, who was now the chief of the Independents, selected a few, on whose fidelity he could depend, to escort his friends to the castle, at the gates of which, he took an affectionate leave; assuring De Valcour, that, in any hour of distress or peril, they should ever find assistance and refuge where he was. The lady Valeria, in sable robes, hastened to meet them: her countenance was marked with deep despondency; her eye alternately glistened with a tear of despair, or brightened with a gleam of kindling hope. The deportment of Bertha was neither exulting nor servile: she returned the salutation of the Baroness with civility, but shrunk from her extended hand, and rested for support on the ready arm of Julian, who cheered her with encouraging looks. In the spacious saloon a collation was prepared; every thing seemed to wear an air of awful preparation; for the chair of the late Baron was placed beneath a small canopy, over which waved a vast plume of black feathers: his banqueting robe was thrown across the seat, and his sword suspended across by an embroidered scarf. The Baroness placed herself in a seat on one side, while she motioned to Bertha to take that on the other; and Julian placed himself opposite the Baroness. For some moments a mournful silence prevailed. Bertha was too deeply effected to speak, and Valeria seemed absorbed in gloomy meditation. Breaking silence at length, she pledged Julian in a goblet of wine. "It is of no use," said she, sighing, "to waste our time thus. I have much to say; and though the subject is painful, it must be entered on. Refresh yourselves, and we will proceed to business.—Alice," continued she, turning to the person who waited behind her chair, "on the table in my chamber you will find a sealed paper: bring it hither." The heart of Bertha was too full to permit her to taste the sumptuous fare set before her. Julian selected the choisest dishes for her; but her efforts to eat were ineffectual. Alice returned with the paper, which the Baroness delivered to Julian, and then addressed him with much solemnity, after ordering the attendants to withdraw. "The implacable hatred I have hitherto ever entertained for you, Julian I know not how to account for." (Julian turned pale with horror.) "It seemed interwoven in my nature, and has led me on to the commission of acts, at the remembrance of which I now shudder. That paper you will find to be the true will of the unfortunate Baron, entrusted by him to my care soon after our marriage. Bertha is thereby his sole heiress, though an ample jointer has been allowed for me." Bertha leaned over Julian to peruse it. The Baroness called for more wine; the attendants were withdrawn; she rose, brought some from the sideboard, and filled the goblets. "Bertha," said she, raising her voice, "your father never cursed you. That will was his only one; he died pronouncing his forgiveness and blessing on you." "Eternal Providence be praised," exclaimed Bertha: "I may yet be happy." She sunk on her knees in the fervency of rapture, while imagination pictured the spirit of her father regarding her with pity and pardon.

"But," said Julian, "how are we to account for the mysterious threatenings by which our fate was accelerated?" "By the chemical skill of father Ambrose," said Valeria, with a forced smile, "they were all effected. His voice was that which menaced you; and his hand traced with phosphoric characters the prediction which accident has since fulfilled. Early superstition, which is seldom eradicated, aided by concurrent circumstances, and your own consciousness of misconduct, all conspired to make our plan succeed. The pannel on which the terrific words were written, turned on a swivel; and in my appartment, where the whole plan was contrived and executed, you may behold and examine the apparatus. It was necessary you should quit the castle, that Ambrose might escape detection, while his association with the Independents rendered it an easy matter to keep you still within our power. Upon considering the whole of our proceedings, you will find how much you have been the dupes of your own credulity; though that consideration does not lessen our crime." The Baroness paused; she seemed yet struggling with some secret. She gazed alternately at De Valcour and Bertha; then rose from her seat, and walked precipitately about the room. The wildness

of her looks terrified Bertha: she besought her to be pacified, and, after much entreaty, she returned to the table. "I know," said she, in an altered tone, "what I have to expect from your generosity. I injured you; was accessary to the murder of your father; for that you owe me vengeance. You are restored to your rights, have avenged yourself on your persecutor, have repaid blood with blood; and now satiated, may in pity for a repenting, defenceless woman, connive at her escape from justice; allow her an annuity; and bid her linger out her days in obscurity, a prey to the horrors of a guilty conscience. This will be your mercy, if I submit. But know, foolish pair! I disdain such pity. You are in my power; not I in thine. In the book of destiny it was written, that Valeria should live infamous, and die triumphant in revenge." "For heaven's sake, what mean you!" cried Julian, rising, and seizing her arm, while his heart seemed to sicken with dreadful forebodings: "we mean not to exult over, or to insult you." Veleria burst into a convulsive laugh. 'I know it!' cried she. "You have little time for exultation. Summon the attendants; let me be seized, bound, and carried to the place of execution: I have more murders than one to answer for. Fools! to think Valeria penitent. Nay nay; embrace once more; you have not long for such endearments. Your drink was poisoned!" Bertha shrieked with horror, "I have not tasted it!" O, Julian! my Julian! Inhuman woman, you have killed your son!" De Valcour began to feel the effects of the baneful drink: he grasped the hand of Bertha with agony, thanked heaven for her preservation, and confirmed to the distracted Valeria the dreadful truth which Bertha had just uttered. Words cannot describe the feelings of the wretched woman whose malice had recoiled on herself. She tore her hair in phrenzey, and would have plunged a knife in her own bosom, but that the attendants at that moment rushed in, and wrested the weapon from her hand. The zealous Tyrault was amongst them: he supported his dying friend, whose last moment was hastily approaching. "I feel," said he, "mortal aid would now be vain. I die the victim of the most diabolical treachery. Protect my lovely wife; her only fault was that of being too tenderly attached to one, who has brought her into endless misery. Bertha, my beloved, farewell. We may meet in happier regions; for we are guiltless, and our earthly disobedience has met an early punishment. Unhappy mother! I forgive thee!" Bertha clung round him till forcibly dragged from his lifeless body. The baroness yielded herself up to justice, and suffered the due punishment of her crimes with that insensibility which is often mistaken for heroism, but is too frequently the last refuge of a turbulent spirit, and an impious soul. Bertha found a zealous and active friend in Tyrault: he arranged her affairs with fidelity, and gave her every consolation in his power. But her heart had received too deep a wound to admit of future happiness; and resolving on retirement, she devoted the greater part of her fortune to the endowment of a convent, in which she passed the remainder of her days. In commemmoration of her own sad story, she founded the order of Disobedients, enjoining a life of the strictest piety and severest penance. Of this order she remained superior some years; and at her death was laid beside her dear Julian in the family vault; and a simple marble tablet in the convent chapel bears record of the fate of the two faithful and unfortunate lovers. By the will of the Lady Bertha, Tyrault, who was an orphan, succeeded to the estate; and his heirs for many centuries were possessors of the Castle di Montalpine, while gratitude has perpetuated in their hearts the virtues of the unhappy pair.

SELECT SENTENCES.

Be singular if you please: but let it be in the elevation of your thoughts, and the rectitude of your manners. He that can distinguish himself only by the abuse of others, is a despicable creature in every country.

Deference often shrinks and withers as much upon the approach of intimacy, as the sensitive plant does from the touch of the finger.

When a person is so *far* engaged in a dispute as to *wish* to get the victory, he *ought* to *desist*. The idea of conquest will so dazzle him, that it is hardly possible he should discern the truth.

Virtue should be considered as a part of *taste*, and should as much avoid deceit and sinister dealings in discourse, as real wit would do puns, bad language, or false grammar.

Think, when you are enraged at any person, what would become of your feelings should he *die* during the dispute!

Some men are called *sagacious* on account of their *avarice;* whereas a child can *clench, its fist* as soon as it is born.

"Set a beggar on horseback, and he will ride," &c. is a common proverb and a real truth. The *novus homo* is an *inexpertus homo*, and consequently must *purchase* finery, before he knows the emptiness of it. The established gentleman disregards it, through habit and familiarity.

We ought not to destroy an *insect*, we ought not to quarrel with a *dog*, without reason sufficient to vindicate us through all the courts of morality

The trouble occasioned by the want of a servant, oh! how far *less* than the plague of a *bad* one!—as it is less painful to clean a pair of shoes, than undergo an excess of anger.

Glowing characters are not always the most agreeable. The mild radiance of the emerald is by no means less pleasing than the flush of the ruby.

Indolence is a kind of centripe'al force.

It is often observed of wits, that they will lose their best friend for the sake of a joke. *Candour* may discover that it is the *greater* degree of their love of fame, not the less degree of their benevolence, which is the cause.

ANECDOTES.

WHEN the Princes of Hesse d' Harmstadt brought her three daughters to the Empress of Russia, in order that she might chuse one of them as the wife of the Grand Duke, the Empress decided instantly in favour of the second. When her Majesty was asked the reason of this sudden preference, she replied—"I observed the three "Princesses from my window, as they de-"scended from their carriage. The eld-"est made a false step—the second stept "down in a easy and natural manner—the "third leaped out." Though this was a very singular manner of forming an opinion, it so happened that the first was awkward, and the youngest too forward.

A Learned gentleman, in one of the eastern States, who professes himself master of SIX TONGUES advertizes for a wife. He may possibly meet with his MATCH.

ON LIFE AND DEATH.

TO die, or to live, requires little courage; the inhabitant of the forest can do both. To die, or to live, becomingly, requires much fortitude. *Great* let me call the human being who can do either! Let it be remembered, that the one is a consequence of the other.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

The Miniature.

A FRAGMENT.

IT was near the close of a fine day in June—as I entered, I observed a group of young girls surrounding Moses, the attendant of the place, who was employed in taking the Profile of one them with the patent machine at the west end of the Museum.

The beautiful arrangement of the various objects of curiosity drew me insensibly from room to room, until a sob near me drew my attention. Looking round I observed a little miss, who held a miniature in one hand, and seemed to be attentively comparing it with a profile which she held in the other; while the pearly tear trickled down her cheek. I approached her, and asked her why she cried? "They have taken away my mama, and this is all that is left," said she, holding out the miniature; "but papa says she is now an angel—Mama used "to say, that angels took care of little children; but she never comes to watch me when I go to bed."

"Lovely cherub," said I, "heaven al-"ways draws the curtains of protection a-"round the couch of innocence."

A gentleman now approached; whose sable garments denoted the loss of a relative—He stooped to kiss away the tear from the cheek of the girl, but the attempt failed—his tears mingled with hers, and they fell together upon the miniature.

Here was a subject worthy the pen of a Sterne. The resemblance of the sainted wife, —the tender mother,—moistened with the mingled tears of the father and the child.

Nature was not to be turned from her purpose—a tear, in spite of my efforts, sought a channel down my cheek—I brush-it away with the corner of my handkerchief, and, to hide my weakness, rushed with precipitation from the room. ¶.

THERE is nothing more universally commended than a *fine day*.—The reason is, that people can commend it without *envy*.

Long sentences in a short composition, are like large rooms in a small house.

Poetry, and consumptions, are the most flattering of diseases.

The words "*no more*," have a singular pathos!—reminding us *at once* of past pleasure, and the future conclusion of it.

Hope is a flatterer—but the most upright of all parasites: for she frequents the poor man's hut, as well as the palace of his superior.

THOUGHTS ON TIME, &c.

WE always reckon a sufficiency of Time to complete our schemes; and are almost ever deceived; because in our computation we forget to set down that share, which belongs to indolence and neglect; from which few or none are wholly free.

Time is like a beautiful woman, whom many admire, but few pay their sincere addresses to.

Time and opportunity are the most uncertain of all things; and yet there is nothing we more confidently depended upon.

Time is to be met, and never to be followed; because never to be overtaken.

The loss of Time is like that of reputation: let us endeavour all we can to recover either, we shall always be something the worse for that portion which is lost.

The loss of Time is the more heavily felt, the later it is perceived; like an inward distemper, that is long gathering, and becomes dangerous before we are sensible of any ailment.

We all acknowledge the value of Time; but few know its worth any otherwise than by feeling the want of it when too late.

Time is like a monarch, whose rights are incontestible; but whose commands few of his subjects are willing to obey.

It is like a creditor who allows an ample space to make up accounts; but is inexorable at last.

Nature made time our debtor; but idleness turns the tables, and leavs us always in his arrears.

No man ever made the best use of his time, otherwise he would have been irreprehensible; which hitherto has been the case of no man.

The employment of Time is to the soul what nutriment is to the body, health and vigour.

ON THE LIMITS OF THE HUMAN UNDERSTANDING.

POOR Doctor! these limits are every where. Art thou for knowing how it comes to pass that thine arm and thy leg obey thy will, and thy liver does not? would'st thou investigate how thought is formed in thy minute understanding, and the child in the woman's womb? I give thee what time thou wilt. Tell me also what is matter! Thy equals have written ten thousand volumes on this article: some qualities of this substance they have found, and children know them as well as thyself; but what is that substance essentially? and what is that to which thou hast given the appellation of spirit, from a Latin word signifying a breath, in the want of a better, because thou hast no idea of it?

See this grain of corn which I throw into the ground, and tell me how it rises again to shoot forth a stem with an ear? Inform me how the same ground produces an apple on this, and a chesnut on that next to it: I could fill a folio with such questions, to which what thy answer ought to be, I know not.

And yet thou hast taken thy degrees, and wearest a furred gown and cap, and art called *Master*. And there is another fool who, priding himself upon a petty employment in a paultry town, conceives that he has likewise purchased the privilege of judging and condemning what he does not understand.

Montaigne's motto was, *What do I know? (Que sai-je?)* and thine is, *What do I not know? (Que ne sai-je pas.)*

PARIS.

In the course of the last Republican year, ending Sept. 23, according to the Report of the Prefect of Police to the Grand Judge, four hundred and ninety men, and one hundred and sixty-seven women have committed suicide at Paris; eighty-one men, and sixty-five women have been murdered, of whom sixty-five men and fifty-two women were foreigners, strangers, or have not been owned. Six hundred and forty-four divorces have taken place. One hundred and fifty-five murderers have been executed. Twelve hundred and ten persons have been condemned to the gallies, to the pillory, or to chains; sixteen hundred and twenty-six to hard labour, to longer or short imprisonment. Sixty-four have been marked with hot irons.—Amongst the criminals executed were seven fathers, who had poisoned their children; ten husbands, who had murdered their wives; six wives who had poisoned their husbands, and fifteen children who had poisoned or otherwise destroyed their parents.

During the same period, twelve thousand and seventy-six public women, or street-walkers, have been registered, and have paid for the protection of the police. Fifteen hundred and fifty-two kept mistresses are noted and known at the prefecture of Police, and three hundred and eight public brothels have been privileged and licensed by the Police Prefect at Paris.

PHYSIOGNOMICAL ANECDOTES.

FROM LAVATER.

I Require nothing of thee, said a father to his innocent son, when bidding him farewell, but that thou shouldest bring me back this thy countenance.

A noble, amiable, and innocent young lady, who had been chiefly educated in the country, saw her face in the glass, as she passed it with a candle in her hand, retiring from evening prayer, and having just laid down her bible. Her eyes were cast to the ground, with inexpressible modesty, at the sight of her own image. She passed the winter in town, surrounded by adorers, hurried away by dissipation, and plunged in trifling amusement; she forgot her bible and devotion. In the beginning of spring she returned again to her country-seat, her chamber and the table on which her bible lay. Again she had the candle in her hand, and again saw herself in the glass. She turned pale, put down the candle, retreated to a sofa, and fell on her kness.—'Oh, God! I no longer know my own face. How am I degraded! my follies and vanities are all written in my countenance. Wherefore have they been neglected, illegible, till this instant? Oh, come, and expel, come, and utterly efface them, mild tranquillity, sweet devotion, and ye gentle cares of benevolent love!'

A poor man asked alms. 'How much do you want?' said the person of whom he asked, astonished at the peculiar honesty of his countenance. 'How shall I dare to fix the sum?' answered the needy person: 'Give me what you please, Sir; I shall be contented and thankful.'—'Not so,' replied the Physiognomist; 'as God lives, I will give you what you want, be it little or much.' 'Then, Sir, be pleased to give me eight shillings.' 'Here they are. Had you asked a hundred guineas, you should have had them.'

THE ART OF HAPPINESS.

ALMOST every object that attracts our notice has its bright and its dark side. He who habituates himself to look at the displeasing side, will sour his disposition, and consequently impair his happiness; while he who constantly beholds it on the bright side, insensibly meliorates his temper, and, in consequence of it, improves his own happiness, and the happiness of all about him.

Arachne and Melissa are two friends. They are both of them women in years, and alike in birth, fortune, education, and accomplishments. They were originally alike in temper too; but, by different management, are grown the reverse of each other. Arachne has accustomed herself to look only on the dark side of every object. If a new poem or play makes its appearance, with a thousand brilliancies, and but one or two blemishes, she slightly skims over the passages that should give her pleasure, and dwells upon those only that fill her with dislike.—If you shew her a very excellent portrait, she looks at some part of the drapery which has been neglected, or to a hand or finger which has been left unfinished.—Her garden is a very beautiful one, and kept with great neatness and elegancy; but if you take a walk with her in it, she talks to you of nothing but blights and storms, of snails and caterpillars, and how impossible it is to keep it from the litter of falling leaves and worm-casts. If you sit down in one of her temples, to enjoy a delightful prospect, she observes to you, that there is too much wood, or too little water; that the day is too sunny, or too gloomy; that it is sultry or windy; and finishes with a long harangue upon the wretchedness of our climate.—When you return with her to the company, in hope of a little chearful conversation, she casts a gloom over all, by giving you the history of her own bad health, or of some melancholy accident that has befallen one of her daughter's children. Thus she insensibly sinks her own spirits, and the spirits of all around her; and, at last, discovers, she knows not why, that her friends are grave.

Melissa is the reverse of all this. By constantly habituating herself to look only on the bright side of objects, she preserves a perpetual chearfulness in herself, which, by a kind of happy contagion, she communicates to all about her. If any misfortune has befallen her, she considers it might have been worse, and is thankful to Providence for an escape. She rejoices in solitude, as it gives her an opportunity of knowing herself; and in society because she can communicate the happiness she enjoys. She opposes every man's virtues to his failings, and can find out something to cherish and applaud in the very worst of her acquaintance. She opens every book with a desire to be entertained or instructed, and therefore seldom misses what she looks for. Walk with her, though it be a heath or common, aud she will discover numberless beauties unobserved before, in the hills, the dales, the brooms, brakes, and the variegated flowers of weeds and poppies. She enjoys every change of weather and of season, as bringing with it something of health or convenience. In conversation, it is a rule with her, never to start a subject that leads to any thing gloomy or disagreeable. You therefore never hear her repeating her own grievances, or those of her neighbours; or, (what is worst of all) their faults or imperfections. If any thing of the latter kind be mentioned in her hearing, she has the address to turn it into entertainment, by changing the most odious raillery into pleasant humour. Thus Melissa, like the bee, gathers honey from every weed: while Arachne, like the spider. sucks poison from the fairest flowers. The consequence is, that, of two tempers once very nearly allied, the one is ever sour and dissatisfied, the other always gay and chearful; the one spreads an universal gloom, the other caues continual sunshine.

There is nothing more worthy of our attention than this art of happiness. In conversation, as well as life, happiness very often depends upon the slightest incidents. The taking notice of the badness of the weather, a north-east wind, the approach of winter, or any trifling circumstance of the disagreeable kind, shall insensibly rob a whole company of its good humour, and fling every member of it into the vapours. If, therefore, we would be happy in ourselves, and are desirous of communicating that happiness to all about us, these minutiæ of conversation ought carefully to be attended to. The brightness of the sky, the lengthening of the day, the increasing verdure of the spring, the arrival of any little piece of good news, or whatever carries with it the most distant glimpse of joy, shall frequently be the parent of a social and happy conversation. Good manners exact from us this regard to our company. The clown may repine at the sunshine that ripens the harvest, because his turnips are burnt up by it; but the man of refinement will extract pleasure from the thunder storm, to which he is exposed, by remarking on the plenty and refreshment which may be expected from the succeeding shower.

Thus does politeness, as well as good sense, direct us to look at every object on the bright side; and, by thus acting, we cherish and improve both. By this practice it is that Melissa is become the wisest and best-bred woman living; and by this practice, may every person arrive at that agreeableness of temper, of which the natural and never failing proof is Happiness.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

A MORAL THOUGHT.

SEE yonder glittering bubble, made for the amusement of the playful boy; see how bright it appears, and decked with various vivid colours—The boy pursues it; he thinks to secure the gaudy nothing, he grasps it, it breaks—it is gone—and his hands close on nothing; nothing is left him but the remembrance of his vain pursuit.

Men, who boast superior understanding, smile at his simplicity; but do they not often imitate his example? They do. How many pursue pleasure, as the boy did the bubble; but when they have followed her through many a winding path, and are seated in her very lap, and enjoy all her blandishments, they, like the boy, find it is nought but disappointment and vanity: and thus it is with many of the pursuits of man, in his journey through life; he grasps many a bubble, and finds it not worth the trouble of pursuing. I experience the truth of this remark at this moment; I have been writing for some minutes; I have wasted some paper, and ink, and have given myself the trouble of thinking—and for what? for nothing but to tell thee, the story of the boy and the bubble.

Now dost thou not think Mr. Hogan, that I told thee the truth when I said I was like the rest of mankind; wilt thou not think I have been writing much more than is worth reading? yes thou wilt. Well, be it so; but then—thou wilt think it not worth printing; if so, it will be like the bubble, I have told thee about;—destroyed by a breath, "nor leave a wreck behind."

CARLOS.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

SOLUTION

To the Question which appeared in last number, page 407.

LET $a=12$, and $x=$ the breadth, then $a-x=$ depth; and if $c=.5236$, the solidity will be expressed by $c.\overline{a-x}.x^2$, or cax^2-cx^3, which is a maximum, and its fluxion, $2\dot{a}x\dot{x}-3x^2\dot{x}=0$; whence $3x^2=2ax$ or $3x=2a$ $\therefore x=\frac{2a}{3}=8$, and $a-x=\frac{a}{3}=4$: consequently, $c.\overline{a-x}.x^2=.5236\times4\times8^2=134,0416$, the solid content.

What an unfortunate necessity is it, in the constitution of man, that his understanding is scarcely matured, when the organs of his body begin to fail!

PHILADELPHIA,

DECEMBER 24, 1803.

To the Public.

THIS number completes the Third Volume of the Philadelphia Repository; and makes a period of nearly three years since the publication came under the conduct of the present editor. It has, perhaps, seldom fell to the lot of an individual, to manage the concerns of a book-store, superintend a printing office, and perform the duties of editor of a literary paper at the same time; as it is well known, that either of these objects is sufficient to engross the attention of any one person. This, however, has been the situation of the subscriber for three years past; and thus circumstanced, he has often been obliged to devote to study, or to labour, those hours, which ought to have been given to rest. His health has not only been thereby impaired, but one part of his business sacrificed, while he has been attending to the duties of another.

Although, when he undertook the superintendance of the Repository, he was in a great measure sensible of the importance of the duties attached to the situation in which he was thereby placed; yet he was not, perhaps, fully aware of the extent and arduous nature of the task which this act imposed upon him. At that time, the Repository was scarcely three months in existence, and had already begun to sink in the estimation of the public; as was evident from the number of subscribers who withdrew their names at the close of the first, second and third months, when the monthly payments were collected. He was, however, successful in quickly reviving it from this declining state, re-establishing it in the good opinion of the public, and he has hitherto maintained its respectability. Of the truth of this statement, he has numerous testimonials, from subscribers both in the city and country; and there is at this moment every reasonable prospect of an increase of public support.... Taking all these circumstances into view, it cannot but be a subject of regret to him, to announce, *that the present number closes the publication of the Philadelphia Repository.*

In making this declaration, the editor is sensible that he disappoints the expectations of his friends; but he prefers doing this, to continuing the name, while circumstances do not permit him faithfully to attend to the duties, of an editor. His attention has been already too long divided between different objects, each of them important in themselves; whereby the interests of each have been partially sacrificed. If, in addition to the difficulties with which he has had all along to struggle, a gradual increase of business be taken into view, he is certainly justified in saying, that imperious necessity compels him to concentrate his attention to fewer pursuits.....An anxious desire to justify himself to his patrons, could alone have induced him to lay any part of his private concerns before them: but having done this, he hopes to stand in their view fully exonerated.

It is peculiarly gratifying to the editor, to have ascertained, from past experience, that should he, at any future period, be again induced to undertake the task of editing a miscellaneous and literary paper, he could do it with a just confidence of success.

To his Patrons the editor acknowledges with gratitude their generous and constant support; and to Correspondents and Literary Friends he is under many obligations, the impression of which he will continue to cherish.

Those Subscribers who are in arrears, are earnestly requested to make immediate payment. A considerable number, who live at a distance, remain indebted for the second and third volumes, and some few have made no remittances since the commencement of the publication. It is hoped, that a due sense of remunerative justice, will induce a speedy compliance with their engagements. Subscribers in this situation, cannot but recollect, that the editor has hitherto avoided making any demands upon them, leaving the matter to their own generosity: they must not therefore think it hard, if their accounts, after a reasonable time being allowed, and the present request remaining un-

attended to, should be put in a train of legal settlement. Those gentlemen who have transmitted money in advance for a fourth volume; are requested to point out a mode how it may be returned, or direct some person to call at the office and receive it.

The subscriber has now for sale, and intends constantly to keep a regular supply of valuable BOOKS, *in the different departments of literature; together with a general assortment of* SCHOOL BOOKS *and* STATIONARY. *The* PRINTING BUSINESS *will be conducted by him as usual—and in both these branches, he solicits a portion of public patronage.*

The Editor now, with regret, takes a respectful farewell of the Patrons of the Philadelphia Repository.

DAVID HOGAN.

December 24, 1803.

☞ It is expected that the Title Page and Index for the third volume, together with a Song set to Music, will be ready, and delivered to subscribers, in about two weeks.

Those who wish to have their volumes bound, are requested to send them to the office; and those whose files are incomplete, can have their deficient numbers supplied, at the subscription price.

Three or four complete sets of the Philadelphia Reposstory will be for sale in a few weeks, price 12 dols. bound in leather; or 11 dols. 87½ cts. in half binding. A number of the second and third volumes will also be for sale, either separate or together, at 3 dols. each, in half binding—62½ cents being deducted on account of the work not being complete. None of the first volume will be sold separate.

NATURAL CURIOSITIES.

A Tree grows in China, which produces pease very little different from those of Europe; and another bearing white berries of the size of a hazel-nut, whose pulp is nothing but a tallow, of which candles are made; there is likewise one called the white shining wax, of greater value than the common bees-wax. Some of the above has been procured for the Company's gardens in India, and are said to thrive very well. [*Lon. Pap.*

MONTHLY BILL OF MORTALITY.

Number of Interments in the Burial Grounds of the City and Liberties of PHILADELPHIA, in the month of NOVEMBER last, to wit: Adults, 93; Children, 55—Total, 148.

The number of Deaths in the present year, contrasted with the Deaths which occurred in the same months of 1802.

	1802.			1803.		
	Adults.	*Chil.*	*Tot.*	*Adults.*	*Chil.*	*Tot.*
January,	142	75	217	68	42	110
February,	110	60	170	76	35	111
March,	100	47	147	66	41	107
April,	90	58	148	75	41	116
May,	82	59	141	69	41	110
June,	96	67	163	78	64	142
July,	129	132	261	78	127	205
August,	109	153	262	112	182	294
September,	178	106	284	208	84	292
October,	211	78	289	182	51	233
November,	99	42	141	93	55	148
Totals—	1346	877	2223	1105	763	1868

CAUTION.

A Black servant girl in a reputable family in this city, going on an errand on Saturday night last, was stopped by two rascals, who were mounted on long tailed horses, dressed in very large upper coats, one of whom had a dagger at his side, the other attempted to gag her; when fortunately a person coming up, called to the watch, on which they remounted and rode off with precipitation. It is supposed they are part of a gang of infernals who are now prowling about this place, for the diabolical purpose of stealing black people.

On the person asking what they were going to do with that girl, they damn'd, him and said they would take her to the Indigo works. *Relf.*

Marriages.

MARRIED, on the 17th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Turner, Mr. *Samuel Wilcox*, to Miss *Maria Hill*, both of city.

Deaths.

DIED, on the 13th inst. Mr. *Barnabas M'Shane*, for many years proprietor of the Harp and Crown Inn. His remains were interred the next day, attended by his weeping family and friends and a concourse of citizens. If to sweetness of disposition, urbanity of manners, and gentlemanly deportment, be added the character of a kind master, a faithful friend, and an affectionate father, a correct idea of the character and virtues of the deceased will be obtained—In him society have lost an honest man and a good citizen.

——, on the 15th inst. aged 73 years, Mr. *John Exley*, a long and respectable inhabitant of this city.

——, on the same day, Mrs. *Rebecca Ash*, widow of of the late capt. Henry Ash, in the 76th year of her age.

——, at Washington City, 12th inst. Mr. *Elizabeth Davidson*, wife of James Davidson, sen. esq. Cashier of the office of discount and deposit in that city.

——, at Boston, on the 11th inst. Mr. *Benjamin Edes*, printer, aged 71, for many years the editor of a popular paper in that town.

——, At Sens, (in France) at the age of 81 years, *Pierre Esprit Sambuc De Montvert*. The oldest General Officer in France, his name having been enrolled on the Military list for 77 years. He has been in 75 battles, 1 sea engagement, 7 sieges, 3 assaults, and assisted in defending three fortresses, in which he received six wounds, was twice made prisoner of war, and once suffered shipwreck.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"*Twice Two's*" solution to the Question in the last No. of the Repository is correct, but was anticipated by another Correspondent.

The Tale of Woe, entitled *Frederick and Maria, or the Voluntary Exile; from the manuscript of a Traveller*, transmitted for publication in the Repository, came too late. Had this not been the case, the editor would with pleasure have given it a place—The manuscript will be returned, when called for.

TEMPLE of the MUSES.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

VERSES

WRITTEN AFTER THE SNOW-STORM, APRIL 17, 1803.

TO AMELIA.

LO! in the east the dappled morn
Pours forth her streams of light;
Bright pearly drops the trees adorn,
The birds begin their flight:

I'll forth to view my tufted bow'r,
And thro' its alleys rove,
For lovely looks the morning flow'r,
When Spring bedecks the grove.

Dear friend of love! come, smiling Spring,
Impart thy influence kind;
Hither thy laughing pleasures bring,
And raise my languid mind.

For Winter grim, with grey-beard long,
Would fain have nipt my pow'rs,
Had'st thou not come, sweet queen of song,
To charm away his hours.

A flow'r now courts the rising gale,
And lifts on high its head;
None lovelier scents the dewy vale,
Or decks the garden-bed:

This flow'r I rear'd with tender care,
And saw, with joy, unfold
Its leaves of green, luxuriant, fair
And buds of downy gold....

Thus having spoke, I sought the bow'r,
Which fancy pictur'd gay;
But ah! my flow'r, my little flow'r
Had pined its life away:

At midnight hour, with hollow sound,
The wind began to blow,
And soon the herbage-teeming ground
Was whiten'd o'er with snow....

Just such, I cried, is Beauty's fate!
Disease, with tainting air,
And slow-consuming Age, they wait
To blast the lovely fair.

Amelia! trifles oft amuse,
And may improving be—
Then let the moral-loving muse
Address her lays to thee.

If then this little artless tale
To thee delight impart,
O bear the thought of acting well,
(The moral) in thy heart.

¶.

SELECTED.

ON THE IMPROVEMENT OF TIME.

BE not, my friend, by youth deceiv'd,
Nor let the Syren be believ'd,
Though smooth and soft her strains;
Away on whirling wheels she flies,
Swift as the gust that rides the skies,
Without or yoke or rein.

Youth must resign its blooming charms
To Age, whose cold and shiv'ring arms
Will wither ev'ry joy;
'Tis brittle glass, 'tis rapid stream,
'Tis melting wax, 'tis air-dress'd dream,
That time will soon destroy.

So smiles at noon the dewy rose,
And to the genial breezes blows,
Evolving odours round;
But crush'd by ev'ning's rushing rains,
It droops, it sinks upon the plains,
Down-trodden with the ground.

Hours, days, months, years impetuous fly,
Like meteors darting thro' the sky,
And must return no more:
Know, my young friend, that moments fled,
Are moments ever, ever dead,
And cancell'd from thy score.

See how the globes, that sail the heav'n,
Around in rapid eddies driv'n,
Are hast'ning to their doom;
Time rushes to eternity,
Eager in his embrace to die,
His parent and his tomb.

Though we, in these low vales were born,
Yet these low vales our souls should scorn,
And to the heav'ns should rise:
So the Larks, hatch'd on clods of earth,
Disdain their mean inglorious birth,
And tow'r into the skies.

VERSES

WRITTEN ON THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR.
BY W. COWPER, ESQ.
(NOT INSERTED IN HIS WORKS.)

"Felix qui potuit rerum cognoscere Causas."

THANKLESS for favours from on High,
Man thinks he fades too soon;
Tho' 'tis his privilege to die,
Would he improve the boon.

But he, not wise enough to scan
His best concerns aright,
Would gladly stretch Life's little span
To Ages——if he might;

To Ages in a world of pain,
To Ages where he goes,
Gall'd by Affliction's heavy chain,
And hopeless of repose!

Strange fondness of the Human Heart—
Enamour'd of its harm;
Strange World, that costs it so much smart—
And yet has power to charm!

Whence has the World its magic pow'r—
Why deem we DEATH a Foe?
Recoil from weary Life's best hour—
And court a longer Woe?

The cause is *Conscience*——CONSIENCE oft
Her tale of Guilt renews;
Her voice is terrible, tho' soft——
And DREAD OF DEATH ensues!

Then, anxious to be longer spar'd,
Man mourns his fleeting breath:
All evil then seems light—compar'd
With the approach of Death!

'Tis *Judgment* shakes him!—There's the fear
That prompts his wish to stay;
He has incurr'd a long arrear—
And must DESPAIR TO PAY!

Pay!——Follow CHRIST, and all is paid:
His Death your Peace ensures—
Think on the grave where He was laid,
And calm descend to YOURS.

THE PULPIL OF CONTENT.

Yes, let the rich deride, the proud disdain,
The simple blessings of the lowly train.
Goldsmith's Deserted Village.

SAFE shelter'd by a neighb'ring wood,
An humble cottage peaceful stood,
The mansion of Content;
Remote from courtiers, far from kings,
And ev'ry source whence mis'ry springs,
Suffice that heav'n had sent.

Soon as the dawning peep of day,
The risen lark would pour his lay,
And call him forth to sow:
He'd cheerly plod the beaten way,
Now Spring yet held her blissful sway
Adown the vale below.

The oak was still a calm retreat
To screen him from the noon-tide heat,
And snatch a short repast:
Refresh'd, to labour then again
Till evening shadow'd o'er the plain,
And day declining fast.

Belov'd by all thus liv'd the man,
Pursuer of the frugal plan,
Who lov'd his own fire-side:
Health shed her sunshine o'er his life,
While age and endear'd the tender wife
To be his children' pride.

THE WOUNDED HUSSAR.

Oboe.

Corni. *F*

A - lone to the banks of the dark-rolling Danube, Fair Adelaide hied when the battle was o'er: Oh whither, she cried, hast thou wander'd, my lover; Or here dost

Mf.

thou welter, and bleed on the shore? What voice have I heard? 'twas my Henry that sigh'd. All mournful she hasten'd, nor wander'd she far, When bleeding & low, on the heath she

descried, By the light of the moon, her poor wounded Hussar! By the light of the moon, her poor wounded Hussar!

1. ALONE to the banks of the dark-rolling Danube
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By the light of the moon, her poor wounded Hussar!

3. From his bosom that heav'd, the last torrent was streaming,
And pale was his visage, deep mark'd with a scar;
And dim was that eye, once expressively beaming,
That melted in love, and that kindled in war!

4. How smit was fair Adelaide's heart at the sight!
How bitter she wept o'er the victim of war?
Hast thou come, my fond love, this last sorrowful night,
To cheer the lone heart of your wounded Hussar?

5. Thou shalt live, she replied, Heav'n's mercy relieving,
Each anguishing wound shall forbid me to mourn!
Ah, no! the last pang in my bosom is heaving;
No light of the morn shall to Henry return!

6. Thou charmer of life, ever tender and true!
Ye babes of my love that await me afar!
His faultering tongue scarce could murmur adieu,
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So smiles at noon the dewy rose,
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It droops, it sinks upon the plains,
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Like meteors darting thro' the sky,
And must return no more:
Know, my young friend, that moments fled,
Are moments ever, ever dead,
And cancell'd from thy score.

See how the globes, that sail the heav'n,
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Are hast'ning to their doom;
Time rushes to eternity,
Eager in his embrace to die,
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Though we, in these low vales were born,
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Pursuer of the frugal plan,
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Health shed her sunshine o'er his life,
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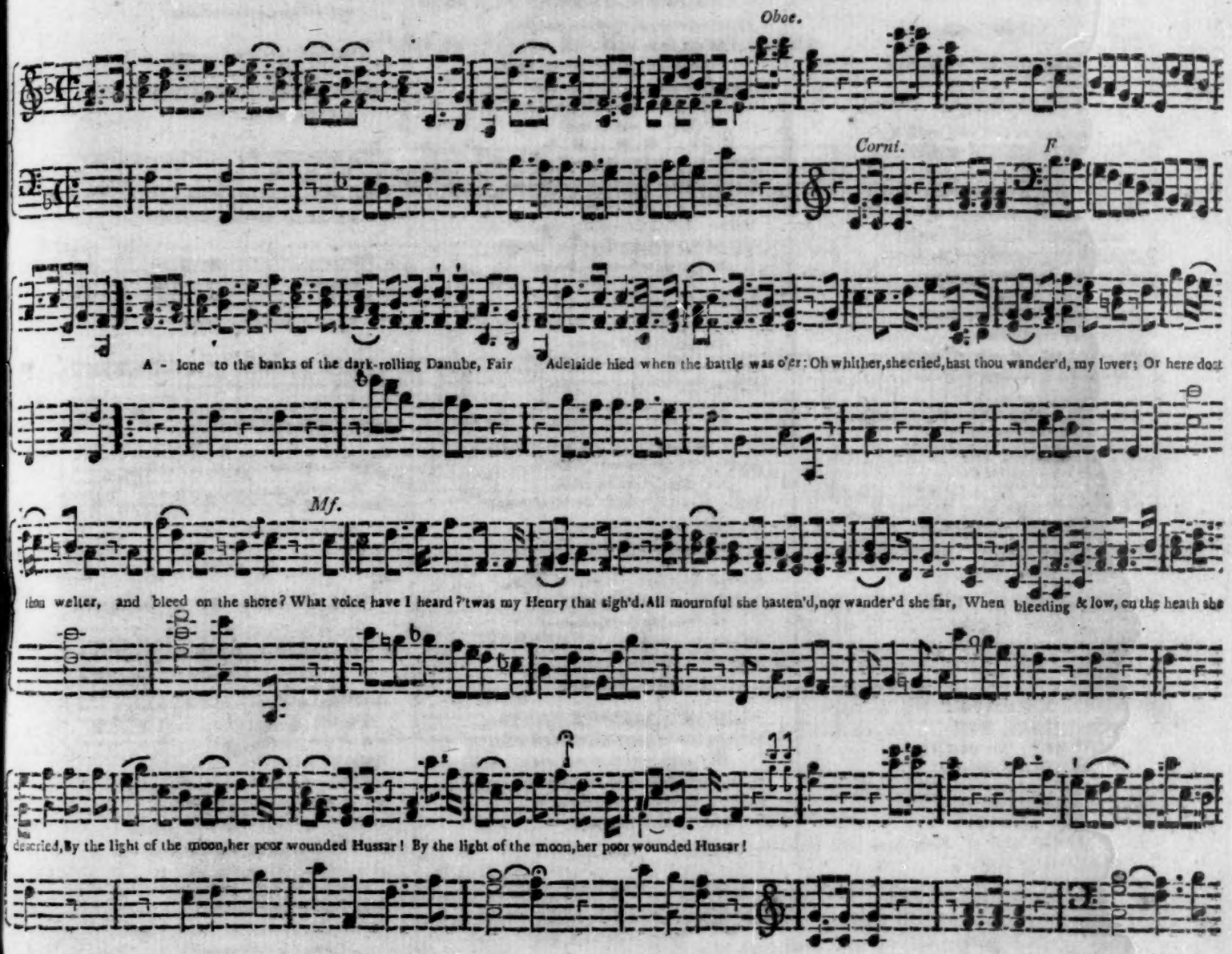
To be his childrens' pride.

THE WOUNDED HUSSAR.



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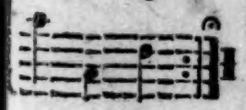
Fair Adelaide hied when the battle was o'er:
Oh whither, she cried, hast thou wander'd, my lover;
Or here dost thou welter, and bleed on the shore?



2. What voice have I heard? 'twas my Henry that sigh'd;
All mournful she hasten'd, nor wander'd she far,
When bleeding, and low, on the heath she descried,
By the light of the moon, her poor wounded Hussar!

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And dim was that eye, once expressively beaming,
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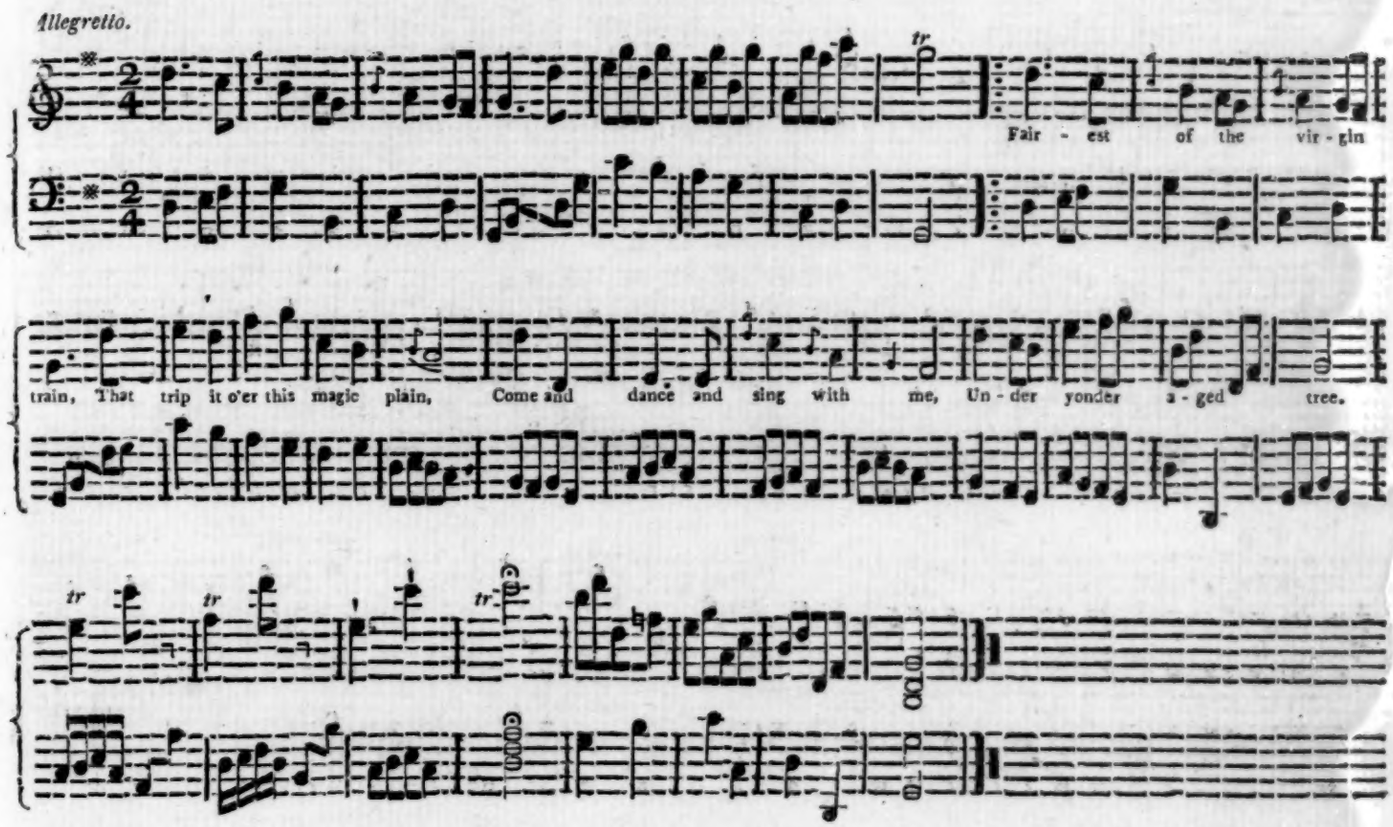
6. Thou charmer of life, ever tender and true!
Ye babes of my love that await me afar!
His faultering tongue scarce could murmur adieu,
When he sunk in her arms—the poor wounded Hussar!

THE FAIRY IN LOVE.

Set to Music by Mr. Thomas Smart.



1. Fairest of the virgin train,
That trip it o'er this magic plain,
Come and dance and sing with me,
Under yonder aged tree.

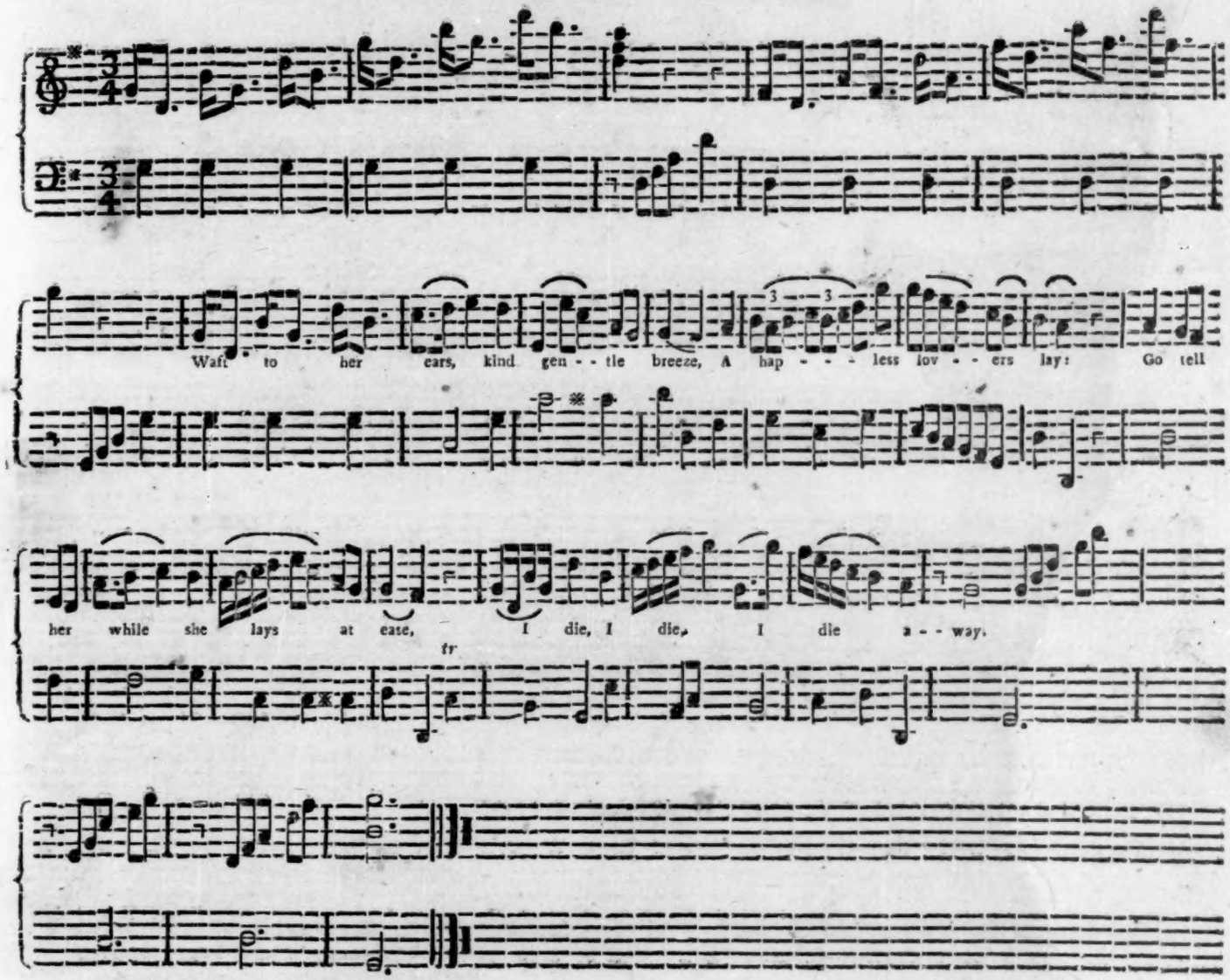
2. There I'll tell you many a tale,
Of mountain, rock, of hill and dale;
Which will make you laugh with me,
Under yonder aged tree.

3. Who is that, that I espy,
Just descending from the sky?
E'en, faith, 'tis Cupid come to see,
Flirtill beneath yon aged tree.

4. A little rogue, but he shall smart,
I'll take away his bow and dart,
And give them 'fore his face to thee,
Under yonder aged tree.

5. There we'll dance, and play and sing,
Celebrating Pan our king;
And I'll always live with thee,
Under yonder aged tree.

THE SERENADE.



1. Waft to her ears kind gentle breeze,
A hapless lover's lay:
Go tell her while she lays at ease,
I die, I die away.

2. This to her tender bosom bear,
And tell her all my pain,
And if a spark of pity's there,
Oh fan it to a flame.

FAIR LAURA.

THE WORDS BY A YOUNG GENTLEMAN OF THIS CITY.*

Set to Music by Mr. R. TAYLOR.

Doleo e pia.

Larghetto.
Affetto.

Sad and slow, to yon willow that droops o'er the brook, Fair Lau - ra one ev'n - ing had stray'd; Her garb was ne - glected, and wild was her look— For she lov'd, and with shame was re - paid. For she lov'd, and with shame was re - - - - - paid.

1.) SAD and slow to yon willow that droops o'er the brook,
Fair Laura one ev'ning had stray'd;
Her garb was neglected, and wild was her look,
For she lov'd—and with shame was repaid.

2.) Not a tear dimm'd her eye—not a 'plaint told her care,
Not a sigh did her lovely lips part;
Her bosom no guest held but savage despair,
And broke—ah! quite broke was her heart.

3.) "Oh streamlet!" (she cried) from man, faithless and base,
"To thy shelt'ring bosom I fly,
From the taunts of the virtuous unsoil'd by disgrace,
"Unpitied—unoticed to die.

4.) "And ah! when forgot, I no more am condemn'd,
"When silent I sleep 'neath the wave;
"Sweet willow thy branches still lower thou'lt bend,
"And weeping will't kiss my green grave."

5.) Ne'er again spoke Fair Laura—her sorrows were past,
To Heaven she turn'd her blue eyes,
Then sought in the streamlet a cold bed of rest,
And it roll'd its waves o'er it's fair prize.

* This song was first published, under the signature of *Lindor*, in the 50th No. of the Second Volume of the Repository. It has been much admired, and several gentlemen have expressed a wish to see it set to Music, who will find themselves now gratified.

ON THE GREEN SEDGY BANKS.

A FAVORITE SCOTS SONG.

Affetuosa.

On the green sedgy banks of the sweet winding Tay, As blithe as the wood-lark that ca - - rols in May, On the green sedgy banks of the sweet winding Tay, As blithe as the wood-lark that ca - rols in May, I pass'd my gay moments with joy and de - light: For peace fill'd the day and content crown'd the night, Till love taught young San - dy my hopes to deceive— What we wish to be true, what we wish to be true, what we wish to be true, love bids us be - lieve.

(1.) On the green sedgy banks of the sweet winding Tay,
As blithe as the wood-lark that carols in May,
I pass'd the gay moments with joy and delight:
For peace fill'd the day, and content crown'd the night,
'Till love taught young Sandy my hopes to deceive,—
What we wish to be true,—love bids us believe.

(2.) Wherever I wander'd, o'er hill, dale, or grove,
Young Sandy would follow with soft tales of love;
Enraptur'd he press'd me, then vow'd with a sigh,
If Jenny was cruel—alas! he must die:
A youth so engaging, with ease might deceive,—
What we wish to be true,—love bids us believe.

(3.) He stole my fond heart, then he left me to mourn,
For peace and content that can never return:
From the clown to the beau the sex are all art,
They complain of the wound, but we feel the smart;
We join in the fraud, and ourselves we deceive,—
What we wish to be true,—love bids believe.

THE MAID OF THE GROVE.

A New Song (for the Philadelphia Repository.)

The Music by Mr. R. Taylor—The Words by Mr. Michael Fortune.

Affetuosa:

I oft beheld beau - ty with ten - der de - light, But ne'er did I yield to its sway; 'Till the charms of fair

An - - na first beam'd on my sight, When I look'd my fond heart quite a - - - - way. Whence this angel re - sist - less? said

I to my - self, That a captive so sudden I prove; In the breeze of soft spring whisper'd some ru-

ral Sylph, 'Tis An - na 'Tis An - na the maid of the gro - - - - - - - - - ve. 'Tis

An - na the maid of the grove.

(1.)

I oft beheld beauty with tender delight,
But ne'er did I yield to its sway,
Till the charms of fair Anna first beam'd on my sight,
When I look'd my fond heart quite away.
Whence this angel resistless? said I to myself,
That a captive so sudden I prove:
In the breeze of soft spring, whisper'd some rural sylph,
'Tis Anna, the *Maid of the Grove.*

(2.)

She fled—but alas! I was doom'd to remain
In the fetters of Love—so forlorn;
Ye Nymphs of the grove, will she pass here again?
O say, will she ever return?
If not—her dear image imprest on my soul,
Gives me to the frenzy of Love;
Which the presence of Anna alone could controul,
Sweet Anna, the *Maid of the Grove.*

(3.)

Tho' dejection dissuaded—Hope bade me pursue,
And pierce the recess of the shade;
On the wings of a lover transported I flew,
But found not the fugitive maid.
Then farewell the sex, since my Anna is gone—
I'm now the sad victim of Love;
For with her the pleasures of life are all flown,
With Anna, the *Maid of the Grove.*

[*Vol. III. No. VI.*]

The Life of a poor wand'ring Sailor

Ballad by B: Carr

Moderato

Would you hear of the life that is fuller of woe than

he_gro flaves in the tropics ete, know or thofewho are forcd to

toil in the mines for the ore that pro_duces our vices and crimes

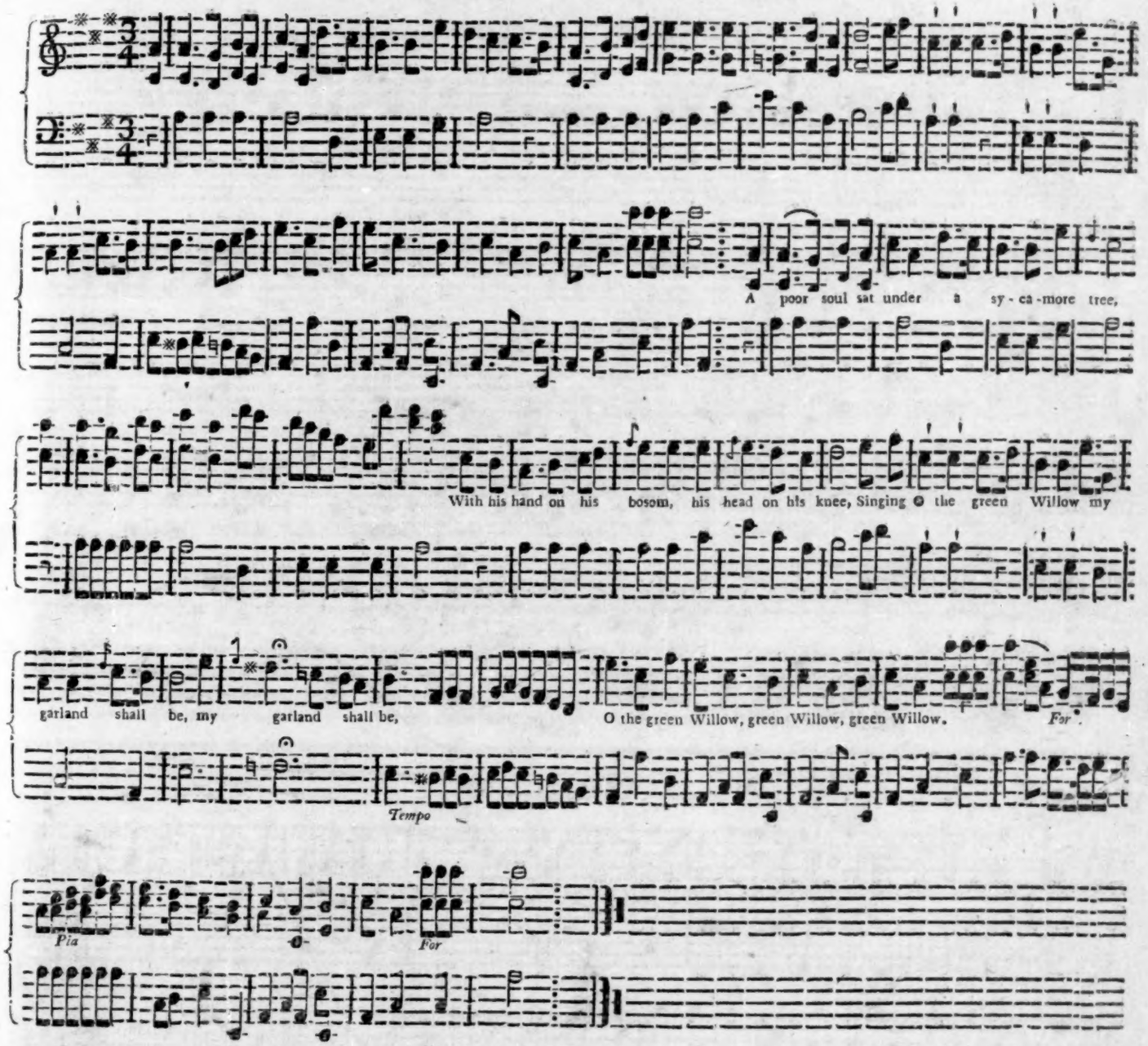
'tis the life of a poor wandring Sai-lor O think on this when you

would be a Sai_lor.

For the other Verfes fee Page 288

THE WILLOW.

A BALLAD.....By Mr. PERCY.



(1)

A poor soul sat under a sycamore tree,
With his hands on his bosom, his head on his knee,
Singing, O the green Willow
My garland shall be,
My garland shall be ;
O the green Willow,
Green Willow, green Willow.

(2)

He sigh'd in his singing, and after each moan,
I am dead to all pleasure, my true love is gone.
Singing O the green Willow, &c.

(3)

The Willow now bids to despair and to die,
So hang it, friends, o'er me in grave where I lie,
Singing O the green Willow, &c.

SONG

From the Opera of the *Capricious Lovers.*

COMPOSED BY GEORGE RUSH.

Andante.

Why should I now, my love, complain, That toil awaits thy cheer - ful swain, Since labour oft a sweet bestows, Which lazy ſplendor nev - er knows.

(1)
Why should I now my love complain,
That toil awaits thy cheerful swain,
Since labour oft a sweet bestows,
Which lazy splendor never knows.

(2)
Hence springs the purple tide of health,
The wealthy's wish, the poor man's wealth,
And spreads those blushes o'er the face,
Which come and go with native grace.

(3)
The pride of dress the pomp of show,
Are trappings oft to cover woe;
But we whose wishes never roam,
Shall taste of real joys at home.

THE MADRIGAL.

Giardini.

For me my fair a wreath has wove, Where rival flow'rs in union meet; As oft she kiss'd this gift of love, Her breath gave sweetness to the sweet, As oft she kiss'd this gift of love, Her breath gave sweetness to the sweet, Her breath gave sweetness to the sweet.

(1)
For me my fair a wreath has wove,
Where rival flow'rs in union meet;
As oft she kiss'd this gift of love,
Her breath gave sweetness to the sweet.

(2)
A bee within a damask rose,
Had crept the nectar'd dew to sip;
But lesser sweets the thief foregoes,
And fixes on Louisa's lip.

(3)
There tasting all the bloom of spring,
Wak'd by the rip'ning breath of May;
Th' ungrateful spoiler left his sting,
And with the honey fled away.